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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1898.

NUMBER 82.

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GENERAL NEWS.

The quarantine in Mississippi towns against all points has been raised.

Halifax dock yards are very busy in getting British warships ready for service.

Capt. J. B. Foraker, son of the Ohio senator, is sick with yellow fever in Havana.

A Paris paper declares that the secret papers in the Dreyfus case were burned several days ago.

The whale catch in the Arctic this season was one of the largest on record, representing about \$1,000,000.

Chicago is making a strenuous effort to secure the next Methodist Episcopal general conference, to be held in 1900.

France is terribly excited over the report that England proposes to proclaim a protectorate over the whole of Egypt.

Secretary Wilson has awarded to a New York firm the government contract for seeds at \$70,978 for 14,238,168 packets.

The president has received a petition signed by 100,000 Cubans, asking for Spain's immediate evacuation of the island.

A revolutionary movement has been discovered in Russia, and 400 arrests have been made, including many school teachers.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia, has been restored to its colonial appearance, and rededicated with appropriate ceremonies.

The Dawes commission's report on reorganization of the Indian Territory calls especially for provisions for education of the people.

A large number of negroes are flocking to the Indian Territory, and Agent Wisdom fears serious trouble between them and the Indians.

A number of vessels are stranded on sandbars in the Yukon River and frozen in, and when the ice breaks up next spring they will go to pieces.

By January 1 the University of Chicago expects to raise \$2,000,000, which makes a gift of same amount from John D. Rockefeller available.

Two deaths from the black plague of India occurred on the French bark Duchess Anne on her recent trip from Honolulu to San Francisco.

Col. Waring, who died of yellow fever in New York, had planned a system of drainage for Havana, which he believed would banish yellow fever.

James M. Hobson, brother of the Merrimac hero, a West Point cadet, was hazed by his companions and compelled to recite the naval exploit at Santiago.

It is reported in London that King George of Greece will abdicate next spring in favor of the Crown Prince Constantine, and will settle permanently in Denmark.

Hannah West and Abraham Huffman are under arrest at Washington Court House, O., on the woman's confession, for having beheaded Louis Ball 12 years ago with a razor.

The president has approved of the court-martial sentence dismissing from the navy Chaplain McIntyre, of the battleship Oregon, who reflected on Admiral Sampson in a lecture.

The United States supreme court, in a decision, has sustained the constitutionality of the tax laws of New York, levying a tax on foreign corporations doing business in that state.

At a public meeting held in San Juan, Porto Rico, Oct. 31, resolutions were adopted demanding territorial rights, discontinuance of military rule, regular civil government, and an eight-hour day for laboring men.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

CONCERNING CARL SCHURZ,

Who Has Developed Into an Intellectual Cripple, the Asmodeus of American Politics.

I see that Carl Schurz, that great and good man, is breaking into print some more on the subject of territorial expansion. He objects to the American flag floating over any domain which his little crazy kaiser might covet. I say his little crazy kaiser, because a Methuselah cycle of life in these United States could not make him an American citizen. He is by nature the littlest, meanest kind of German toady, who can never be thoroughly satisfied with himself unless he has some small burgomaster or village councilor to kick him every day or two. The imprint of a small functionary's foot upon the seat of his anagogity would be to him a badge of honor. Had he the intellect of Goethe he could not possibly understand American institutions, nor with the imagination of Schiller could he ever conceive an idea of American manhood. His horizon of existence is bounded everywhere by officialism, and the zenith and nadir of his hopes are the hand of a patron and the boot of a burgomaster. Forced upon America because no other land would tolerate his presence, his heart remains in the country which outlawed him; and his ambition could aspire no higher than to lick the dust from the foot of some flunkie who had walked behind the kaiser. Imperialism, with its gradations from the slave to the emperor, is his ideal government; but the imperialism of a free people, each man of whom is emperor by birth, passes his understanding. So it makes me hot in the collar to hear such a creature express himself upon any matter of American life and politics. There are thousands of intelligent Germans in this country who have studied our institutions until they can appreciate the dignity of American citizenship; but he is not one of them. They are not scholars, as he is; but they are men, which he is not. They have grown to the sturdy independence of Americanism, while he—a monstrosity by birth—has developed into an intellectual cripple, the Asmodeus of American politics, a hunchback among the straight and smooth-trunked poplars of this western forest.

He does not think the Cubans or the Filipinos would make desirable citizens. In his isolated imperialism he was the Deus ex machina of Reconstruction—and God forbid that any Southern man should ever forget that era of infamous oppression. He was willing that the newly liberated slaves should dominate their former masters, though the least worthy of these Southern men was by birth and breeding and by instinct worthy to be the master of Carl Schurz—and is today. He was willing that white men should be tied up by the thumbs, by order of a military satrap, for speaking impolitely to a negro. He was willing that the entire white population of the south should have to cringe before a negro postmaster who could neither write nor read, in order to get their mail. He incited the peculiarities, the outrages, the crimes committed against a brave and generous people throughout this shameful period of lust and tyranny. He held up his hands in holy horror and shrieked aloud when the white Americans of the South drowned the oppressor in his own blood. It was right in his sight that petty officers of the army and scoundrels of the Freedman's Bureau should oppress and wrong and murder the white citizens of Louisiana and Mississippi—he deemed they did God service when they destroyed and despoiled "the rebels." But he fears the oppression of our army officers in the Antilles and the Philippines; his heart bleeds for these poor people.

If there is anything that can cleanse William McKinley from the smurph of Hannaism, it is the opposition of Carl Schurz and Grover Cleveland. If those two fellows should curse a dung-heap it would carpet itself with Easter lilies before another sun. They could cure the Algerine fever by just wishing that the sick man might die of it. They both oppose expansion—Grover Cleveland rightly so, because he has to put stitches in his skin now whenever he eats, for fear of bursting. But Schurz has to use a bellows to separate the skin of his belly from his backbone. May be it hurts him, and gives him good cause to curse expansion. At any rate, he fights it.

I am not especially partisan to the present administration. It was not of my choosing, nor do I think that it received a majority of the honest votes cast at the polls. But, handicapped as it is by Mark Hanna and Alger and other heavy-weights of iniquity, it is better than anything that Carl Schurz can conceive of, and it is beyond his criticism. I am with it, or with any other administration of the kind, when it says that the American flag shall not be pulled down where it once has been rightfully raised. And, speaking for those who justly wear the badge of the Confederacy, I may repeat "So say we all."—J. Soule Smith, Lexington, Ky., in the Gatling Gun for November.

About Mr. Goebel and His Bill.

Goebel, who talks of the corrupt influence brought to bear to defeat his election bill at Frankfort, should remember that it was he who refused to allow a caucus of Democrats on that bill before it passed the senate. It was he who refused to allow a moment's discussion of that bill in the senate before it did pass that body. It was he who, when he found a majority in the house against it, called a caucus and tried to ring the senate in, although it had already voted on the bill. It is he who can account, perhaps, for the disappointment of some members of that body who have since failed to receive places under the penitentiary commission that they thought had been promised them.

"Goebel talking against corruption makes the very angels blush in shame. If it is not brutal corruption to deny one's own people the right to vote for delegates to a Democratic convention, then he may not be as we think him. If it is not corruption to frame a bill that is so altogether partisan that it provides for the representation of only one party, then we may not know what leads to corruption. If it is not corruption for him to say that Ohio and Virginia have laws similar to the Kentucky law, when he knows that both provide for minority representation when his law does not, then he may be less corrupt than Democrats think him, and the hundred other statements made in his Glasgow speech, which are so altogether preposterous that it seems idle to repeat them.—Editor Emmett Orr, of the Owen News.

About Red-Haired Girls.

An elaborate and extended article on red-headed girls will appear in the Gatling Gun in the near future. It isn't written as yet. Its preparation and publication has been delayed by a feeling controversy between Judge Smith and myself as to who should have the honor of producing it. The judge is anxious for the job, because he is convinced that such an article carrying his signature would make him solid with a certain Titian-thatched beauty of Lexington with whose colorate charms he is sorely smitten. But I am loath to lend the Gatling Gun to any such sinister scheme. Not in the interest of the Hon. J. Soule Smith, at any rate. I have my own eye on a radiant red-headed girl right here in Cleveland, and I think I have some privileges in the premises. Besides, I know more about red-headed girls in one blessed minute than Smith will ever find out until he

reads the article I shall write. I am so filled with the inspiration of the subject that I'll have to let some of it leak out or suffer much discomfort. A red-headed girl (if the top-knot be of the right tint) is the most adorable divinity that ever caused mortal man to make a monkey of himself. She has never been properly appreciated except by Smith, Titian, myself and just a few other fellows with artistic, beauty-worshipping souls. Did you ever notice that, aside from her crowning glory, the red-haired girl is generally gifted with all the graces that go to make woman so worshipful? With few exceptions she made irresistible with a glorious eye, a clear complexion, fine features, a divinely moulded form, an harmonious voice, and a gait that is a symphony of locomotion. The rich contrast of an auburn coiffure against the chasteness of an ivory neck is quite enough to quicken the pulse of an Indian cigar sign.

I don't know how this contention will finally be settled, as the opposition shows no sign of weakening and I am disposed to remain firm. It may be, however, that I shall have to yield the point, as I find it advisable to jolly the judge along when the spook doesn't perambulate with promptitude. But I'll have my fling some day, for all that.—Walter Hurt, in the Gatling Gun.

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Oct 13, 19

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilacs in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, carcen, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

O! let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!
—N. Y. Tribune.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to Tremaine; calls for Florence.

CHAPTER V.

It was October before the surveyors finished their work in the Mesquero mountains and Merriam and his men were recalled to Sedgwick. Late in July Billy Whittaker had been relieved by his restored comrade and returned to headquarters; he lost no time in calling on the Haynes, and between him and that charming little army matron, Mrs. Hayne, there were exchanged significant smiles and knowing looks, and not a few confidential words, to all of which the blond, Norse-looking captain and husband seemed to give hearty approval. And letters from the cantonment—long letters—came to Mrs. Hayne from her friend, Mrs. Tremaine, and long, loving, blissful missives from Florence, and when the Haynes, father and mother, boys and girls, all presently went in to Chicago for a month at the fair it leaked out in some way that Mrs. Hayne left freighted with mysterious commissions from her friends at the Catamount, Tremaine's reverses permitting no such extravagance as a journey—especially in view of the many new and lovely items that women deemed as indispensable now. And presently it was known at Sedgwick that, despite his complete recovery, Mr. Merriam seemed to find it necessary to leave the detachment in the mountains and make frequent, even hazardous rides, with only a single orderly, down deep into the canyon of the Catamount, and so on back to Wells and the cantonment. Long before the Haynes returned from Chicago, therefore, the sweet secret was out, and all Fort Sedgwick was talking of Merriam's engagement to Floy Tremaine. She was but 18; he 28. She was shy, sensitive, an idolized daughter. There were times when she was actually lovely, so deep and tender were her eyes, so winning her smile, soft and caressing her voice. He was stalwart, soldierly, fine-looking certainly, but a man few heartily liked, while few thoroughly knew him. He had been wild, extravagant, and, some said, dissipated the first two or three years after his graduation. He was known to be frank and truthful, and as a giver and lender had been decidedly too generous. He was a conscientious officer in many ways, except when he was serving under Buxton. He couldn't bear "Bux," and Bux not infrequently spoke disparagingly of Merriam's ability, a thing that might have hurt him in the eyes of his superiors but for the fact that they knew Bux far better than he knew them. Among officers of his own grade there were none whose opinion was worth having who really disliked Merriam, but very few who felt themselves sufficiently intimate with him to actively like. They had nothing against him except a certain indifference of manner, and nothing that called for enthusiastic praise. His conduct in returning to his regiment from an expensive eastern station and putting himself en traite until his debts should be lifted and his duns appeared met with general commendation. His course in taking the Mesquero detail off a brother officer's hands was held to be characteristically generous. He had lots of good points, and Merriam, they all concurred, but there were not four people, officers or

ladies, in either the cavalry or the riflers who thought him good enough for Florence Tremaine.

"Wish her joy? Aye, with all my heart," said the old colonel, when the news of the engagement was brought to him, "but can we hope it?" Even Capt. Hayne was not sure, though he tried to be, and found comfort and inspiration in the enthusiasm of his devoted wife and in the stanch opinions of Billy Whittaker. These two were the two at Sedgwick to whom that engagement brought gladness without alloy, and since there were not four people in the combined commands who could thoroughly approve the match, it follows that at most, therefore, there could be only one more, but that one was the most confident, the most enthusiastic, the happiest, the gladdest, the proudest, the fondest girl that ever lived—Florence, her own sweet self. In a passion of tears, one exquisite, moonlit evening late in June, she had thrown herself upon her knees by her mother's side and sobbed out the news that Merriam had told her he loved her dearly and had asked her to be his wife, and when the mother drew her to her bosom and held her there, and mingled her tears with those of her beloved child, her heart went up in prayer to Heaven, for she knew that which Tremaine could not understand, that so deep, so fond, so all-consuming was the love with which Florence would love, probably did love, that there could be no listening to reason. She had pinned her faith on Randolph Merriam and it could not be shaken.

But neither wife nor daughter knew that night that, earlier in the evening, Merriam had sought the husband and father and opened his heart to him, told him his whole story, and begged of him his consent and blessing. "I did love Miss Hayward," he said; "I was fascinated beyond expression and was stunned by the abrupt end of our engagement, but all that passion was killed by the details that have reached me, and in its place have grown up an admiration and love for your daughter that far exceed anything I have known before. I have had hard lessons, sir; I am not worthy the love of one so pure and true as she, but it shall be my constant endeavor to make her happy."

Tremaine could not answer for a moment. "What have you told her thus far?" he asked, though not unkindly.

"I told her before I was summoned back to the detachment, after that shooting scrape up in the mountains, about Miss Hayward and my broken engagement, and her prospective marriage. I do not think I had any business to do even that—to tell her anything that might seem to single her out as confidante, but the impulse was stronger than I was."

"Was that—the day before the courier came down with the news of the fight?" asked the captain, with uplifted brows. He was thinking of how Florence had been found by her mother in tears that very afternoon.

"Very possibly, sir, though I cannot recall the day."

Then, after a pause: "Answer me this question, Merriam," said the older officer. "If Miss Hayward were to treat this man as she did you; if she were again to come into your life and say: 'Come back to me,' I do not ask you what your answer would be—I ask, what would your heart say?"

"Nothing. Even if she were not his wife, I could not think of her again without aversion."

"Yet she is accomplished and a beauty, you say; which my Florence, they tell me, though I cannot see it, is not."

"She is accomplished—too much so. She is a beautiful woman, but I look in your daughter's eyes, sir, and I see her as you see her. God knows I marvel that anyone can fail to see her except as you do and as I do."

And Tremaine held out his hand, gripped hard the lean, brown fingers that clasped in his, essayed to say something that was still weighing on his heart, but gave it up.

"She is all I have to give, Merriam," he presently said, "but she is all the world to me."

And so when Merriam returned to Sedgwick to face the volleys of congratulation and the occasional shakes of the head with which his seniors said to him: "She's a heap too good for you, man," he could not but be aware of the trend of public sentiment, and though time and again he had said as much to her, to her parents, to himself, it must be owned that here was a case where it was not entirely flattering to find the world of his own expressed opinion. It nettled him not a little, and even Whittaker and Mrs. Hayne could not entirely comfort him. It was all very well to say: "You must remember that Florence has been the pet of our regiment ever since she was born. I declare, it makes me jealous at times for my own babies," as Mrs. Hayne did. It was gratifying and complimentary to his taste that the commendation of his gentle fiancée was so general, but, no matter how conscious a man may be of his own shortcomings, is it ever a comfort to find that all his friends are equally aware of them? It must be owned that there were moments when Merriam grew impatient of these comments upon his unworthiness, expressed or implied, even while his heart rejoiced over the enthusiastic interest displayed by all the garrison in his wife that was to be.

And he was a very devoted lover, too. Only twice a week did the mail rider go out to the cantonment, but Randy wrote to her long, crowded pages every day, and her letters came even longer and brimful of love and sunshine and happiness. He had sent to St. Louis for her engagement ring, and her delight over it and its beauty was something delicious to see, though she properly rebuked him for his extravagance and warned him never again to spend so much money in jewelry for her while he was yet a poor lieutenant. By and by, when he became a great general, as surely he must, then it might be permissible, but no matter how great or distinguished he might become, never could she be prouder of him or of his love than now, never, never!

As the late autumn wore on it was arranged that the wedding should take place at Sedgwick, and both riflers and troopers, the —th foot and the —th horse, were to give the happy couple a glorious send-off. Both bride and groom-elect had seen much of the east and south within the ten years preceding this of '92, and Merriam suggested southern California, Coronado Beach, Santa Barbara and Monterey for their honeymoon trip. Florence would have gone without question had he said Kamchatka or Timbuctoo. Once—twice during the autumn long letters had reached him from Ned Parry—letters over which he pondered gravely. Mr. and Mrs. McLane, said the second letter, were once more in Gotham, the vortex of a gay circle, but Mrs. Parry had declined to go east again. He himself had not cared to go, and did not call upon the happy couple or upon their revered uncle when, as it happened, he did have to go. "Mr. Mellen has never written me since my letter to him telling him why I could not attend the wedding," wrote Parry. "Yet he and I have got to have an accounting, and in the near future, too. But first, my boy, I must look up that California story and we are to meet. It may be weeks yet before I can get away, but when I do I'll wire. If possible get a brief furlough and join me. I'll come by way of Sedgwick, and Charlotte will not be with us."

And, though Merriam soon answered that letter, he made no mention of his engagement. Cards in due form were issued in January just a fortnight before the ceremony, and that was Parry's first intimation of "the impending crisis." Charlotte was astonished. Both were rejoiced on one account, yet both wished, for the girl's sake again, that he had not been so precipitate. Each believed that the old love still smol-



"Read this, darling. I'll be with you in a moment."

dered and could be fanned into flame. They sent a beautiful gift to the bride—some rare cut-glass pieces over which Florence almost cried with delight, and for the first time in long weeks Charlotte Parry wrote to her fair sister in Gotham and told her of Mr. Merriam's engagement to such a charming girl, the only daughter of a distinguished officer, the pride and beauty of the regiment, the toast of all the cavalry and other elaborations, some of which, it must be owned, Mrs. Parry coined, but most of them she compiled and evolved from the letter Merriam wrote to her two days after he had posted the cards. The wedding was lovely, as army weddings usually are. The day was perfect, the music grand, the assemblage all that could be desired; the ceremony, despite the mist of tears in many eyes and Tremaine's manifest emotion, had gone off without a jar. The reception at the Haynes' was simply perfect, as everybody said, and then, though it was a manifest "give-away" of the young couple, and probably very bad form indeed, dozens of men and women had ridden to the junction to meet the west-bound train and see them off; and hardly had their fond faces faded in the distance than another, a very different one, a radiant, smiling, beautiful face, was unveiled to the startled vision of the bride, and the woman who was said to have wrecked Randolph Merriam's life a few months gone by was there in most bewitching guise, despite the dust and grime of railway travel, to overwhelm her with pretty speeches and charming compliments—and complete dismay.

CHAPTER VI.

Merriam's intention had been to go direct to San Diego. Leaving the ladies together, after a cold and embarrassed acknowledgment of Mrs. McLane's greeting and a most unwilling presentation to "my wife," he hurried into another car to be alone and collect his thoughts. It was sundown by this

time, and only sundown. For hours yet poor Florence might be at the mercy of that merciless woman, who Merriam now believed could be capable of anything. The thought was unbearable. From the conductor he learned that the McLanes were bound for Coronado Beach, and that settled it. Hastily writing a few lines he folded the paper compactly and walked briskly back to the Pullman. Both faces lighted at his coming, Floy's with infinite relief, Fanny's with laughing triumph. "Not another moment's leave, sir," cried the latter, "until you've explained where you've been and promised never again to abandon your beloved. Fancy a man who would leave his bride within an hour of their wedding to go and smoke among strangers! Oh, that reminds me, I haven't presented you to Mr. McLane. Will you come with me now?"

Cold refusal was on his tongue, but a sudden thought struck him. "Lead on, madame—I follow," he said, and as she tripped blithely away down the aisle he quickly turned back, bent, and printing one long kiss on Floy's troubled face, hurriedly whispered: "Read this, darling. I'll be with you in one moment, and then she cannot remain." Then calmly and deliberately he followed. Mrs. McLane had halted at the angle of the narrow passage around the smoking compartment, and was awaiting him there. Seeing that, he stopped short at the portiere, in full view of Florence had she looked around, and bowing, motioned her to proceed. But she had halted for a purpose and meant to have her say. Who was it that declared that even at the altar, in her wedding dress, a woman could not forgive the rejected lover who had found consolation elsewhere?

"You are to be congratulated on the elasticity with which you recover from even severe attacks, Mr. Merriam. Your fever was said to be such."

"I have been fortunate in two recoveries, Mrs. McLane," was the cool response. "Now if you are ready to present me to Mr. McLane, I am at your service; if not, I desire to return to my wife."

The flush that leaped to her face, the angry light to her eyes she could neither conceal nor control. For a moment she stood there amazed, enraged and trembling, then these words burst from her lips: "I thought I loved you, Randy Merriam—not two months ago—yes, despite everything! Now I hate you!" And with this melodramatic speech she impetuously and abruptly turned, and for the second time took refuge, dust or no dust, at the rear doorway, the presentation to her husband apparently forgotten. For a proper and reasonable minute he awaited her return—then, quickly stepping back, seated himself by his young wife's side. His hand sought and found hers; his fond eyes, eagerly searching, were not long denied the upward, appealing glance of hers. "Did you read? Do you approve, dear love?" he softly asked. "It would be exasperation to have to travel on with them. Shall I wire to Stoneman?"

"Whatever you say, Randy," was the whispered answer. "Only you won't have to leave me again, will you?"

"Only for an instant, dear, just long enough to send the dispatch from Fauntleroy—one station ahead. She will not trouble you again." And from Fauntleroy a brief telegram was flashed along the wires to the post quartermaster at a famous old Arizona station, two hours' ride beyond, and when the brilliantly-lighted train came steaming up to the platform there stood a brace of officers with welcome in their eyes; and before Mrs. McLane, once again seated in her action and feigning deep interest in her book, could realize what had happened, Mr. and Mrs. Merriam were leaving the car, he merely raising his hat in civil farewell—the bride, however, as the result of brief conference with her lord, smiling bravely down into the upturned face of their startled neighbor and saying: "I hope you may have a delightful journey, Mrs. McLane. Good-night."

"Why—I thought—surely you told me you were going to—direct to San Diego, and I had planned to have ever so long a talk with you," and Mrs. McLane had possessed herself of that slender hand, and was hanging on suspiciously hard.

"Yes, we'll be there after a little," was the serene answer. "We visit old friends first at Fort Stoneman," and with that our army girl withdrew her hand which hypocritical social ethics prescribed she should extend. She had even the hardihood to glance over her stylishly-robed shoulder and nod a cheery, insouciant farewell to the fair yet clouded face at the Pullman window. Verily Floy's elasticity was equal to her husband's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mean Old Man.

"Arabella," said old Billyuns, as he finished his dinner, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man, Mr.—Mr. Whatshisname—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Tell him," the bluff old millionaire went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do want to register a kick against his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."

After that Mr. Wellington went home earlier.—Cleveland Leader.

Do You Want Consumption?

We are sure you do not. Nobody wants it. But it comes to many thousands every year. It comes to those who have had coughs and colds until the throat is raw, and the lining membranes of the lungs are inflamed. Stop your cough when it first appears, and you remove the great danger of future trouble.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

stops coughs of all kinds. It does so because it is a soothing and healing remedy of great power. This makes it the greatest preventive to consumption.

Put one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

A whole Medical Library Free.

For four cents in stamps to pay postage, we will send you sixteen medical books.

Medical Advice Free.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Unusual opportunities and long experience eminently fit them for giving you medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

You want an Organ, and have just so much money to spend. How much is it? Write and tell us.

Estey Organ Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

GOOD ROLLERS

The Buckie Printers' Roller Company

MANUFACTURERS OF Printers' Rollers and Composition

421 and 423 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

With enlarged quarters, modern machinery and new management we are prepared to fill orders promptly. All rollers, guaranteed round, smooth and true, and absolutely free from pin holes.

UNEXCELLED for HALF-TONE or other fine work.....

With 27 years' experience, fair prices and liberal terms, we ask your patronage and guarantee to satisfy you. Remember to ship us or write for terms mentioning this advertisement.

What's the Matter with KANSAS?

KANSAS OWNS (In round numbers) 900,000 horses and mules, 550,000 milch cows, 1,600,000 other cattle, 2,400,000 swine and 225,000 sheep.

ITS FARM PRODUCTS this year include 150,000,000 bushels of corn, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and millions upon millions of dollars in value of other grains, fruits, vegetables, etc. In debts alone it has a shortage. Send for free copy of "What's the Matter with Kansas?"—a new book of 96 pages of facts.

General Passenger Office, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

The Monetary Problem.

PROGRESS AND CIVILIZATION.

In Some Measure Depend Upon an Adequate Money Supply—Need of Our Expanding Interests.

Throughout all ages, it will be noted by the student of history, the progress of the world has been contemporary with a large yield of the precious metals from the mines of the earth, and that progress was suspended and civilization either lagged or positively retrograded at all periods when the production of gold and silver materially declined.

The influence of an adequate money supply seems to have been understood by the ancient Spartan rulers, who made their domestic money of iron during several centuries, reserving gold and silver for use in foreign trade alone. In more modern times the object lessons demonstrating the effect of money supply have been so marked as to impress themselves upon the minds of leading thinkers, who have bequeathed to the world a rich legacy in the form of able treatises upon the subject. Following the discovery of America the impetus that the world received through the gold and silver brought to Europe by the Spaniards from Mexico and Peru is now generally regarded as the principal cause and to mark the beginning of the renaissance in Europe, and to usher in that period known as the grand march of civilization.

It has also been noted that when on account of wars nations have been compelled to suspend specie payment and create paper money, endowing the same by law with the debt-paying power, accepting it for taxes and forcing the same upon government creditors, that the increased supply of such money has always stimulated production and business and brought on an era of general prosperity. It has also been noted that periods succeeding wars in which the paper money that came into use during such war was being retired and the volume of money in circulation reduced, that an era of falling prices ensued, causing great distress, limiting production and making it difficult or impossible for those in debt to discharge their obligations and save their equities.

Such object lessons as these have caused thoughtful people to investigate and discover the influence exerted by an increasing or decreasing volume of money upon production and exchange. Investigation soon revealed the law controlling prices, showing that they advance or recede as the volume of money is increased or diminished. In view of the fact that production is stimulated and the wealth of the world largely increased and the sum of human happiness multiplied as the result of an increasing money supply, and that an opposite result is produced when the money supply is being diminished, the question naturally arises, why should not all intelligent men and good citizens put forth a common effort to secure a regular, uniform and adequate money supply, to the end that progress and prosperity may go on uninterrupted?

The further question suggests itself with great force, why in this marvelous age of expansion and development there should be found a powerful body of citizens representing the various nations in combination for the purpose of outlawing one of the metals that has been the source of money supply throughout the ages?

The answer to this question is that if the nations and states of the world, and the individuals and corporations transacting the world's business, had not contracted large and enormous debts to be paid in money, it would not be to the interest of any class to seek to restrict the money supply and through falling prices give money a larger purchasing power. And it may be said that the only class in this nation or any other that profits by a diminishing money volume is those whose investments are in money futures in the shape of bonds and mortgages, who are unjustly enriched at the expense of taxpayers and debtors whose property is being gradually confiscated through the fall of prices. This reveals to us the money power, the world's great bondholders and creditors, and enables us to understand the motives by which they are impelled.

Those who advocate the gold standard seek to produce confusion in the minds of the average citizen regarding what is meant when the term money power is used. They accuse those who oppose them of seeking to array the poor against the rich. Nothing can be further from the fact. Among the ranks of the bimetalists are many who possess enormous fortunes, while the large body of intelligent bimetalists are men engaged in business, together with professional men, artisans, and laborers, who either own homes or are struggling to acquire homes. On the other hand, the active advocates of the gold standard are the bondholding and creditor classes, together with the banks under their control, outside of which their principal fol-

lowers are their employees and the weak and dependent whom they can control, together with the venal politicians whom they reward handsomely for their services in furthering the selfish ends of the creditor combination. The money power is a worldwide combination working in concert upon the various nations of the earth. It has sought in this country from the beginning to prevent the money question becoming an issue in politics. To avoid this they sought to control the conventions of both of the great political parties and dictate to them the candidates they should put in nomination. This they were successful in doing until their agent, Grover Cleveland, in the presidential chair, undertook to handle the members of his own party and the country in such a coarse and brutal manner that it caused a revolution which resulted in the democratic party in convention in 1896 freeing itself from the domination of this creditor octopus. The gold combination well knew that if the lines could be drawn in politics in such a way that the people could vote for or against them by making an intelligent choice in a national election, that their doom was sealed. They played their game with great skill and prudence for many years. Emerson has said that "the devil is always an ass." The money power in using Cleveland to do their work and encouraging him to adopt such vigorous and unrefined methods proves the truth of Emerson's saying.—Silver Knight-Watchman.

THE CIRCULATING MEDIUM.

Is Silver That Turns the Wheels of Commerce—Gold Coin Goes into Hiding.

Gold is out of circulation in the United States. It is not money at all. It is a mere commodity used to offset foreign claims.

When not so used, it is held locked up in the treasury and in bank vaults for the purposes of bond syndicates and national bankers.

If it were not for the silver certificates and greenbacks in circulation, the business of the country would collapse at once.

At least 80 per cent. of the business of the country is being done by silver certificates and greenbacks.

As soon as a silver dollar is turned loose from the mint, it goes to moving crops, to paying mechanics and clerks their salaries, to distributing manufactures, to adding to the wealth of all producers by enabling them to exchange their products.

As soon as a gold dollar is turned loose, it hunts a bank or subtreasury vault where it is held until Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, or some other foreign agent, is ready to send it abroad.

How utterly illogical and unbusinesslike are these business men, who, when our whole hope of business stability and prosperity depends on the increasing circulation of silver, attempt to discredit it and destroy its power to do the business of exchange! When it is sixteen to one or bust for every country in North and South America, how criminally foolish it is to join with European Tories and speculative capitalists against the hard-pushed American producer!—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

An Elastic Currency.

The New York Sun, reasoning that Mr. Gage is an ardent advocate of the substitution of bank notes for our national currency, pertinently asks: "Does he take this occasion to demonstrate the inconvenience of not permitting a larger issue of bank notes, and thereby of securing support for his pet scheme?" And the Sun answers: "Whether he does or not, his course serves only to strengthen the determination of the people to have a purely government currency, made elastic by deposits of gold in the treasury." That is a currency dependent for its elasticity on the accidents effecting the production of gold, not the demands of trade and industry. Verily a fine sort of elastic currency.—Philadelphia American.

A Scarcer Dollar.

Every approach towards the gold standard means a scarcer dollar with a larger purchasing power; in other words, that everything is growing cheap in terms of money, and that money is growing dear in terms of all other things.

Scandalous Robbery.

The army contractors rob the treasury in a scandalous way, but the robbery of locked millions of gold in the treasury while selling bonds to get more gold is still more scandalous.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

Cost of Running an Ocean Liner.

The cost of running a large ocean liner from Liverpool to New York and back is something over \$90,000.—Chicago Chronicle.

Rivalry and Hate.

A business man hates his rival as fiercely as a woman hates hers.

THE APPARENT REASON.

She Readily Accounted for the Constant Wearing of the Halos.

Dotty sat on a stool beside her mother looking at the pictures in an old church book. There were angels and cherubim and harpists galore, and in them the child found much to interest her. The last picture in the book was of a dozen or more angels floating on the clouds. Above the head of each shone the symbolic halo. Those halos bothered Dotty. She had never seen such a head dress and she was perplexed.

After a minute's thought she held the book up to her mother and said: "See, mamma, the ladies what's got wings and funny things on their heads."

The mother looked. "Those are angels, dear," she said.

"And what's the funny rings on their heads, mamma?" the child asked.

"Those are halos, Dotty."

"Does they wear them always, mamma?"

"Yes, Dotty. All angels wear them and they wear them all the time."

"When they're in the house?"

"Yes, Dotty."

"When they're asleep?"

"Yes."

"I guess they wear their halos all the time, mamma, 'cause they're afraid if they took 'em off and hung 'em on the hat rack they'd get broke, don't they?"—Detroit Free Press.

His Business.

A lawyer trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case, in the course of his cross-examination, said: "You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening during all this time?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Were you and he interested in any business together?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, unhesitatingly.

"Ah! Now, will you be good enough to tell us how and to what extent and what the nature of this business was in which you and he were interested?"

"Well, I have no objection to telling. I was courting his daughter."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A SOLDIER'S ESCAPE.

From the Democrat-Messenger, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

When Richmond had fallen and the great commanders had met beneath the historic apple tree at Appomattox, the 83d Pennsylvania Volunteers, prematurely aged, clad

in tatters and rags, broken in body but of dauntless spirit, swung into line for the last "grand review" and then quietly marched away to begin life's fray anew amid the hills and valleys of the Keystone State. Among the number Asa Robinson came back to the old home in Mt. Sterling, Ill., back to the fireside that he had left at the call to arms four years previous. He went away a happy, healthy farmer boy in the first flush of vigorous manhood; he came back a ghost of the self that answered to President Lincoln's call for "300,000 more."

To-day he is an alert, active man and tells the story of his recovery as follows: "I was a great sufferer from sciatica rheumatism almost from the time of my discharge from the army. Most of the time I was unfitted for manual labor of any kind, and my sufferings were at all times intense. At times I was bent almost double, and got around only with the greatest difficulty. Nothing seemed to give me permanent relief until three years ago, when my attention was called to some of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I kept on improving steadily. I took three boxes of the pills, and at the end of that time was in better condition than at any time since the close of my army service. Since then I have never been bothered with rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that ever did me any good, and to them I owe my restoration to comparative health. They are a grand remedy."

When sheep are sheared do they go to a "baa-baa" shop?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Between the Acts.—She—"The programme says it is 'taken from the German.'" He—Humph! I guess they were glad enough to get rid of it.—Brooklyn Life.

After the Correction.—Papa—"Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what do you think yourself?" Johnny—"If I should tell what I think, you'd give me another whipping."—Boston Transcript.

The Folly of Marrying Rich.—"Say, Chonie, how would yer like to be married to that little nibsey queen of Holland? Wouldn't dat be great?" "Naw, I wouldn't want none o' dat. Me Uncle Ike married a girl wid a hundred and fifty dollars, and she ain't never let 'im say his soul was his own."—Cleveland Leader.

Tommie—"Hullo, Jimmie, what kep' you?" Jimmie—"Me and the ol' man had an argment. He wanted me to haul some wood into the back yard." Tommie—"How did it end?" Jimmie—"In a draw—I drew it."—Truth.

Biggie—"Soak is ordered to take seven different kinds of liquor every day." Jiggie—"His doctor must be easy." Biggie—"No, his plan is to go to seven different doctors."—Town Topics.

"Yeast"—"When a woman sings I take notice she wants a piano, a fiddle or something to accompany her." Crimmonbeak—"Why, certainly." Yeast—"Well, a bird doesn't need anything to accompany it." Crimmonbeak—"Oh, yes, it does." Yeast—"What?" Crimmonbeak—"A bottle."—Yonkers Statesman.

She (reading)—"Mice are fond of music, and will get as close to it as they can." He—"Just cut that out, and I'll send it to the girl in the next flat."—Good Housekeeping.

A Frank Opinion.—Caddy—"Dere's only one good ting I kin see in playin' golf." Goffer—"What's that?" Caddy—"De folks what play don't have to carry de sticks."—Puck.

Stop! Women,

And Consider the All-Important Fact,



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician in the world. The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year."



Better than Gold

and better than any other chewing tobacco ever made:—YOU are not obliged to dig for it. The 10-cent piece of

Battle-Ax
PLUG

is the largest piece of really high grade tobacco, and you can get it anywhere in the United States.

Remember the name
when you buy again.

"WELL DONE OUTLIVES DEATH."
YOUR MEMORY WILL SHINE
IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Swellings, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Saves expense and suffering. Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Fists, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Cuts and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small size large, 50c. Book free. J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. J. C. WARD'S DISPENSARY, N. Y.

PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

A UNITED STATES WALL MAP

FREE A copy of our handsome map, 44x56 inches, printed in colors and mounted on a roller, will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in postage to pay for packing and transportation. F. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Top Soap Complete Double Brush \$10.00. **FISH TACKLE** and many more. **POWELL & CO.** 1010 N. W. 10th St., Seattle, Wash.

A. N. K.—E 1789 WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : Nov 10, 1898.

FOR GOVERNOR,

P. WAT HARDIN,

OF HARRODSBURG.

We go to press too early to give the details of the election in this congressional district or definitely state the Democratic majority, but it is safe to say that Hon. Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick has defeated his Republican opponent, Major Seitz, and that the destinies of the district will remain in Democratic hands for the next two years, at least. That there has all along been a lack of interest goes without saying, and there is every reason to assume that the aggregate vote will be appreciably smaller than in any similar contest within the present decade. This can be attributed only to the fact that the Democratic voters relied too much upon the safety promised in the Goebel bill, while, as heretofore intimated in THE HERALD, the Republicans have hoped to work a rabbit's foot by securing certificates of election and slipping into congress through chicanery. We heard only last week of Democrats declaring that it would be a waste of time to go to the polls, that Fitzpatrick would sure be elected anyhow, and that they intended to stay at home and shuck corn. But confidence in the certificates and the hope that a Republican house will seat the Republican contestants will operate to keep many of them from the polls, so that altogether it will likely be a stand-off.

The citizens of our little town had a moment of happy expectancy last Friday when it was learned that the officials of the Red River Valley Railway were here, and for a brief period imagination pictured the cars running into a grand depot in the central part of town. But an investigation of the matter developed the fact that there was nothing tangible upon which to hinge hope. Messrs. J. W. McCaussey, of Union City, Mich., James Muir, Rothwell, Ky., A. L. French, Mt. Sterling, Ky., and W. O. Hugbart, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich., all of whom are identified with the road in some capacity, were simply here on a pleasure jaunt, and, chaperoned by John W. Craven, they were looking over the country possibly—let us hope so, at least—with the view of some time extending their road to Hazel Green. Those of our citizens who had the pleasure of meeting them were very favorably impressed, and we hope we shall soon have the pleasure of again seeing them among us.

The Winter Before Us.

According to Ezekiel Bonzy, who is held to be the most accurate reader of the goose's breast-bone in America, the coming winter is going to be a snorter, says the Elkton Progress. It is to start with a snow storm which will come in November, and the snow will stay on the ground for the purpose of catching and holding other snowstorms that will arrive frequently and with great vigor until about the middle of March. Mixed in with the output of snow will be hail, winds, and consecutive peri-

ods of zero weather, which will cause a great demand for overcoats and double mittens. For the first time in eight years the goose bone is white at the front end, indicating an early snowfall. As the bone of 1898-99 is very wide and mostly white all over its surface, Mr. Bonzy infers that there will be deep snow and good sledding. His conclusions are well reinforced by researches among corn husks, all of which are uncommonly thick and well laid on.

Late Literary News.

It is not often that a contributor to a magazine spends five millions or so of dollars in fitting himself to write knowingly of a subject. But, if popular report be true, that is, approximately, the sum which Joseph Leiter expended in the acquisition of the information necessary to prepare the article which appears over his signature in the November Cosmopolitan on "Wheat." This is Mr. Leiter's first appearance in literature, but he handles the pen with a bold, firm hand that shows him a man of resources.

Another Cosmopolitan contribution which will appeal to every man and woman is the attempt of Harry Thurston Peck to analyze the component parts of the modern woman of fascination. By what does woman fascinate? Is it beauty? grace? spirit? charm of manner? what? Evasive question! But Mr. Peck goes at it as a man who has studied and has had experience.

Cincinnati Live Stock Market.

The Cincinnati Live Stock Record, of Friday, gives the following as the best prices for that day:

No choice cattle on the market today.
Top price for those on sale, \$4.65.
Top price for calves, \$5.00.
Top price of light hogs, \$3.50; heavy, \$3.70.
Best sheep brought \$4.00.
Best lambs brought \$5.50.

The above were actual sales, but it should be borne in mind that they represent the best of their class on the market that day. THE HERALD will each week give the best sales of the Friday before, which is alone worth the price of the paper. NOW is the time to subscribe.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Elder Adams in Bath County.

Elder H. D. Adams, of Hazel Green, closed a protracted meeting at See's school house on Tuesday of last week with 31 additions. Bro. Adams is conducting a meeting at Fassett's, on Flat Creek, this week.—Bath County Democrat.

The series of meetings at Fassett's, conducted by Elder Henry D. Adams, of Hazel Green, is progressing nicely, with several additions up to this writing. Bro. Adams is an eloquent speaker, and the unusually large congregations are well pleased with him. A mistake on our part last week made us say that Elder Henry Adams closed his meeting at See's with 14 additions to the church when it should have been 34.—Flat Creek cor. Owingsville Outlook.

From New Zealand.

REEFTON, NEW ZEALAND, Nov. 23, 1898.
I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.—E. J. SCANTLEBURY. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

FIGHTING LICKER.

I've licked a dozen stamps today
For telegrams I've sent;
I licked and stuck one on the cheek
With which I paid my rent;
I licked a stamp to paste upon
A note which I renewed.
And then I licked another one
To make a mortgage good.
I've lick'd these stamps to show that I
Respect my country's will,
And now I'd like to lick the man
That introduced the bill.

—Exchange.

A few days ago our man about town visited Uncle Bill Combs at "Noah's Ark," where he was making his everlasting brooms. Immediately upon our entrance Uncle Bill, with his accustomed politeness offered the chair he was sitting upon, all the others being occupied by his numerous customers. Did you ever see him tie a broom? If not then you should do so, as you will be interested by the work. And, say, ask Uncle Bill to tell you of the time he was shot at by the bushwhackers away up in bloody Perry "jist after de war." He says that he "pintedly seed de bullhitts." But, no matter about the excellence of his vision with reference to bullets, he does make a splendid broom and sells them cheap. He will deliver his brooms here from time to time and those needing brooms could not do better than buy of him.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock Wm. H. Cord will preach the ordination sermon, and ordain elders and deacons of the Christian church on Lacy creek, at the Frank Johnson school house.

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand 24 hours: a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold water and sealding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

FOR
WATCHES



And Watch Repairing

GO TO
FRED J. HEINTZ,
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J. TAYLOR DAY,
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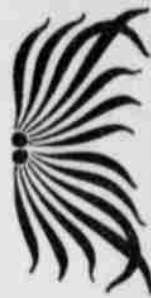
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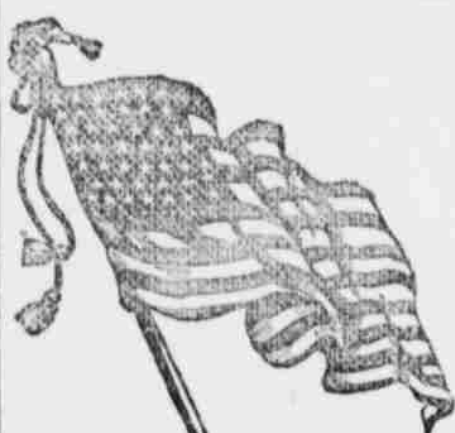
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DAY AND SWANGO SPRINGS.

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OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Don't get possession of Swango Springs until December 21st, 1898, but will buy and keep some on tap free for all guests of L PARK HOTEL, TORRENT, KY.

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Biliousness
Caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, nausea, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

THE HERALD.

Henry Lowe, recently from Magoffin county, will preach at Sanfield on the third Sunday in this month.

Dr. Nickell reports the birth of a girl to the wife of Lan McNabb, of Chapel branch, on Tuesday, the 8th inst.

Burnie Finch last week bought of W. T. Swango 80 acres of land, including Briar branch, on Lacy creek, for \$450.

Born, to the wife of Willie Patrick, of Maytown, on Friday morning, Nov. 2, a boy—Kash Patrick. Dr. Silas B. Kash officiated.

Miss Lou Emma, the bright little girl of Harry Nickell and wife, of the Nickell fork of Grassy, has the thanks of our better for some nice eating apples.

A GREAT record of cures, unequalled in medical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses merit unknown to any other **MEDICINE.**

Monroe Brooks, the eldest son of Lee Brooks, was on Sunday taken with a deep cold and threatened with pneumonia. Dr. Nickell was called to see him Monday.

The many friends of Robert Brooks will regret to hear that he is dangerously ill of pneumonia at the home of his father, John E. Brooks, between here and Daysboro.

Rev. J. H. Wallin requests us to announce that he will preach at Gilmore Sunday morning and at this place at night. Services at the usual hours, and everybody invited.

Elihu Skeins and family, who have been living on Oscar Cecil's farm, near town, on Monday moved to the Thos. B. May farm, near Major Wm. H. Taulbee, on the State Road fork.

On Sunday evening at 6:30, at the Christian church, the topic for the sermon will be "The Message and Response." Do not fail to attend this service: You will be welcome.

Dr. Silas B. Kash reports the birth of a girl to the wife of John Pieratt, of the Murphy fork, on Friday morning, the 2nd inst., and names her Sally Ann Cooper, in honor of our better.

There were four confessions at the Christian church on last Sunday, viz: Misses Mattie Cord and Sadie Harrison, and Troy Pieratt and Robert Cord. The baptism will take place on Friday afternoon, at the river at 4 o'clock.

Weak Eyes Are Made Strong, dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

John E. Cord, James C. Cord, R. H. Harrison and Rodney Cord arrived at the Home last evening (Wednesday), where they will be guests for a few days. Messrs. Harrison and Rodney Cord are from Mason county, and the others are from Fleming county.

The Eagle, King of All Birds, is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

J. W. Cassity, of Sideview, while visiting at Hazel Green, wrote us a letter stating that the chestnut crop is in full blast. Be careful, Jess, and don't get over in Smoky Hollow and disturb "South Side" while he is making a run of moonshine.—Flat Creek cor. Owingsville Outlook.

By Its Record of remarkable cures Hood's Sarsaparilla has become the one true blood purifier prominently in the public eye. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. 25c.

Rev. R. M. Lee, pastor of the M. E. church south, of this place, and Miss Victoria Hill, of Bracken county, were married Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at 5 o'clock p. m. at Salem church, of that county. Mr. Lee will arrive at this place tonight or on Friday with his bride, and let us all prepare to give them a hearty welcome. As they will begin housekeeping in the parsonage at once the proper thing would be to give them a genteel pounding, in which all of our citizens will most probably participate, and especially the members of the Methodist church. This is a time-honored custom in Hazel Green, and as Thanksgiving Day is only about two weeks off, we may prepare for that occasion by helping to make this couple happy. Remember, it is better to give than receive, and the Lord will surely bless you. Let some lady member of his flock take the lead and our citizens will doubtless contribute liberally to the cause, and surely feel the better for having done so.

Coughed 25 Years.
I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Russell, Grantsburg, Ill.

J. Taylor Day, who has been at Torrent for the past month, came home Monday, and has since been beautifying the fair grounds by transplanting the shade trees from the street in front of his residence to Midway Plaisance immediately in front of the amphitheatre. Years ago he accidentally encroached upon the street in running his yard fence and side walk, outside of which were these beautiful shade trees, but his attention being recently called to the error, he takes this method to rectify the mistake, notwithstanding the trees had in the meantime assumed magnificent proportions. It is a pity to see these beautiful shade trees torn up by the roots and transplanted, but Mr. Day doubtless feels that he can better afford to stand any sacrifice than to have intimated that he would act unfairly in that or any other matter. Hence the expense and trouble he incurs by this self-imposed task.

Lung Irritation is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

Dr. Andy Nickell, of this place, was on Saturday called to Menefee county to see Mrs. Ponder Spencer (nee Tennessee Brooks), and returned Sunday. While there he heard of a shooting affray at Chambers' station late Saturday evening, between a man named Ingram and one named Spencer, in which the latter was shot and seriously, if not fatally wounded, by the former. He did not learn the particulars of the difficulty, but heard that each of the combatants fired five shots, and the wounded man was hit just below the collar bone, the ball passing through the body and coming out at the back. The wounded man was alive at last accounts, but not expected to live through the night.

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.
Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

Our jolly old friend, George Rice, who is working on a new store building for J. Taylor Day, at Dundee, came over last week to spend a few days with friends and acquaintance, and, after voting for Seitz, he left Tuesday to finish up some work at Dundee, and seemed loth to leave his castle, yelped the old Masonic hall, to which he has given the name—"Orphan's Home," where is cosily fixed for batching it and where, he hopes are long to ensconce some fair maiden who will care for the "orphan boy."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The many friends of Mrs. Lou Day the hostess of the Day House at this place, will regret to hear that she is dangerously ill and threatened with paralysis. She is known to all the traveling public as the best caterer in this end of the state, and a more charitable nor warm-hearted woman ever lived in this community. "Aunt Lou," as she is lovingly called, has ever been kind to those in sickness or distress, either by attention in person or with her delicacies, and, remembering these things, the ladies of Hazel Green should do all they can to comfort her in her present illness.

Our colored citizens are loud in their praise of the hop held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Higgins on Tuesday night. The elite of our colored society was there in large numbers, and the belles and beaux tripped the light fantastic till nearly 12 o'clock.

Send your laundry to the Winchester Power Laundry, the best in the state. D. B. Litteral is agent at Hazel Green, and will call for and deliver goods in town. He will also forward all packages sent in from the country. 27-tf.

Police Judge George Wheeler, who has been engaged for the past two or three weeks in surveying that large body of land known as the Walker Creek Coal and Coke Co. boundary, and recently bought by J. Taylor Day, returned home Saturday.

Railroad Engineer
Testifies to Benefits Received From
Dr. Miles' Remedies.



THERE is no more responsible position on earth than that of a railroad engineer. On his steady nerves, clear brain, bright eye and perfect self command, depend the safety of the train and the lives of its passengers. Dr. Miles' Nerve and other remedies are especially adapted to keep the nerves steady, the brain clear and the mental faculties unimpaired.

Engineer F. W. McCoy, formerly of 1233 Broadway, Council Bluffs, but now residing at 301 Humboldt St., Denver, writes that he "suffered for years from constipation, causing sick, nervous and bilious headaches and was fully restored to health by Dr. Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills. I heartily recommend Dr. Miles' Remedies."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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Were respectfully solicited the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay you checks, and loan you money when in need.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

TRAINING AND FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausey can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausey or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired.

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

J. TAYLOR DAY.

RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVE PILLS
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failure of Testes, Impotence, Starchy Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. Who every 25c order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

They banish pain and prolong life. **ONE GIVES RELIEF.**

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No matter what the matter is, one will do you good, and you can get ten for five cents.

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced work is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (50 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 19 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (25 tablets) will be sent for five cents. Best medicine ever made since the world was created.

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OLD PAPERS, Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 50 cents per 100.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

SPEECH OF THE HAWAIIANS.

Vowels Run Riot, Consonants Are Few and There Is a Great Literature of Poetry.

Along with territory and a few other things at what has been called the crossroads of the Pacific, the United States has annexed a new language and a somewhat considerable literature owned by the 35,000 left as the remnant of their race. The Hawaiian is not a difficult or crabbed speech. It is soft and musical, most of the white people now in Hawaii speak it more or less fully, and it offers no great difficulty to the others who may be expected to fill up the new domain.

Its most prominent characteristic is the great use of vowels. Besides the five vowels it needs only seven consonants to make up the alphabet, and the one hard and fast rule of the grammar is that two consonants shall never come together and that no word or syllable shall end with other than a vowel. On the other hand, vowels may string along in indefinite succession. The speech abounds with whole words which have not a single consonant to hold them together. Two vowels stand side by side in a majority of words. The opportunity to triplicate the vowel has not been neglected; a word has been formed of every such combination. Thus "aaa" means friendly, "eee" is the verb to rise up, "iii" is little, "ooo" means to shrink, and "uuu" means to stammer. Four vowels together form many words, as "auuu," a crane or hag with wrinkles under the eyes. Some few words consist of as many as five vowels one after the other, "iaua," which is the name for pol when it is hard and musty, or "oiolo," the word meaning true.

The language is highly developed in grammar and rhetoric, developed by the savage Hawaiians up to the limit of their needs and containing the elements of a still further development. The proof of that may be found in the books which have been translated into Hawaiian. The Holy Scriptures in Hawaiian show this. Despite the fact that the history and the doctrine therein contained were absolutely beyond the line of island experience, it has been found possible to express them perfectly in the native tongue with only a very few words adapted from foreign sources; in fact, there are fewer than one per cent. of naturalized words in the Hawaiian.

It has its widespread linguistic affinities. The Polynesian tongue of which it is one member is spoken over a wide extent of the Pacific, as far south as New Zealand, as far east as Te Piti to Whenua or Rapa-nui, which is better known as the Easter Island of the colossal carvings. When Cook traversed those seas he carried a Tahitian, who was everywhere a competent interpreter. One language of the Polynesian stem is as like another as are English, Dutch and German. There are Malay affinities; there are stems which may be traced in the remoteness of Madagascar. At least one great effort has been made to prove the Polynesians to be an early offshoot of the Aryan race and therefore blood brothers to the Germanic stock.—N. Y. Sun.

Smoke Killed by a Chemical.

The smoke made by Pittsburgh coal will probably soon be prevented by a Pittsburgh expert. Arrangements have been made by a mechanical expert for the installation of a smoke preventer plant in an electric station at one of the city institutions in Cincinnati, and exhaustive tests will soon be conducted under his direction. The scheme is simple, cheap and effective. The amount of oxygen lacking in coal to make perfect combustion is supplied by a chemical, which is automatically sprayed with water by a fan over the glowing coals of the fire. The water assists in the more perfect combustion of the coal and the gas given off is more highly volatile than the carbonaceous or smoke gas, and the particles of carbon in going through it are consumed. It is claimed that the amount of heat which is prevented from going up the chimney as smoke, and which is practically saved, will almost equal the slight cost of the chemical. This chemical is kept in a small tank and the only addition necessary to the plant is a small blowing machine. The use of the chemical does not require any alteration in the firebox or boilers. By the automatic spraying the combustion is always almost perfect and the fire is smokeless.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Substitute for a Bath.

"Anyway," said a man who is not always where all the conveniences for bathing are to be found, "as between washing my face and combing my hair I should comb my hair. I don't know why this is, but I know that the straightening out of the hair and the incidental scratching of the scalp with the teeth of the comb wake me up and straighten me out more than washing does, and so, as one might say, I carry a bathtub with me in the shape of a pocket comb."—N. Y. Sun

IT IS STILL ALIVE.

The Goldbug Party Cannot Kill the Free Silver Movement with Their Bombast.

"The silver craze is dead" is the oft repeated cry of the magpies and chatterboxes of the goldbug party, says E. E. Ewing, in the Silver Knight-Watchman. Wait and see. The silver men are intelligent thinkers. They have read and studied the silver question and understand the magnitude and influence the free coinage of silver would have for the good of the business of the country. They are not standing around in groups talking, neither are the gold or the tariff advocates found in that position. The money question is to be more the issue in the future than ever in the past. In fact, there is no other prominent question before the American people today on which party lines are so clearly drawn, and silver must occupy the forefront of the question in opposition to the gold craze. The gold craze is as much of a craze today as the worship of Baal had become among the Jews when Elijah mocked the idol's priests, telling them to call louder, that maybe he was asleep or on a journey. But their frantic screams and rending of garments did not bring rain or fire down from Heaven to kindle wood under the burnt offering; and neither do the promises of prosperity by the priest of mammon, "sound money" and gold standard bring prosperity. Their gold idol like Baal must be asleep or on a journey and hears not, however much the worshippers of the calf rend their garments and cry "we are on the edge of prosperity. The greatest boom is about to start ever known; silver is dead!"

The new relations which the war with Spain has created in the east and the extension of our power and government over the most important islands of the West Indies call for more money, and they call loudly for more silver money than for any other kind. As our territory and business expands our money must be increased to supply that business with the shew of trade, and silver of all other moneys is the money of the Asiatic people. With the silver which our mines produce coined into American money we can control almost the entire trade of the east in a short time and force the whole of Europe to adopt our money policy in self-preservation of their foreign trade.

Cuba and Puerto Rico will have to be supplied with American money. As for Cuba becoming an independent nation with an army and navy to support the veriest moonshine. The island will be filled with American capital and dominated by American enterprises which will demand the protection of a strong nation that will assume the expense of national government, and guarantee domestic tranquillity, free and stable government and defense against imposition by strong nations of Europe. It is possible that Cuba may monkey awhile at independent government, but it is hardly probable.

With Manila and the island on which it is located, and the principal city, island and seaport of the Ladrone group in our possession the whole of these islands is bound to be dominated by American influence, and American money to control the trade will be as necessary as the American navy and garrisons to protect the inhabitants, insure domestic tranquillity and spread American institutions. And for the fulfillment of these beneficent objects American silver dollars are fully as necessary as the protecting angels of American law and the United States navy.

American silver is destined to become the greatest power in the old east that has ever been exercised in the west. It will work a fructifying and rejuvenating influence greater than British cannon and western trade has ever exerted. Even the star of empire is fighting against the gold standard. No nation of people are benefited by it except the Jew bankers of Great Britain and their relatives who manage the gold banks in the capitals of this continent. The rank and file of the people of every nation and clime under the sun are afflicted by the gold standard, and only the few who own bonds and debts have an interest in keeping up the gold standard, and they because that monetary policy makes all property, labor and men cheap and money dear.

American influence, American silver and American institutions must go hand in hand into the old east to call the dust covered dead from the tomb into which gold and tyranny laid them thousands of years ago, and join bone to bone, as it were, breathe life into the dead, and change the groans of despair into a hymn of hope and rejoicing.

While democrats have leaders like Bland, Bryan and Bailey, standing squarely and uncompromisingly for the principles of the decimal and the declaration of independence, there is not money enough on earth to control America against the Chicago platform.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

Mark Hanna is not making campaign speeches, but the committees do not complain so long as he has it fixed so they can draw on him.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

DEMOCRATS ARE BLAMED.

Republican Ingenuity in Misrepresentation Produces a Strange Charge.

A republican political genius has discovered that the democrats only are to blame for McKinley's and Alger's mismanagement of the war and the sufferings of our soldiers in the field. The ingenious gentleman who made this discovery is Hon. John A. T. Hull, a member of congress from Iowa and said to be chairman of the house committee on military affairs.

Mr. Hull says that if a resolution which he offered in the house near the closing hours of the late session had been adopted there would have been a congressional committee on active duty all the time to prevent blunders by army and navy officers and to save the soldiers and sailors from distress through the errors of their commanding officers. A committee of congressmen would have forestalled every order issued through mistake and would have saved the army and navy from the consequences of every military or naval error occurring through incompetence, oversight, insufficiency of help and supplies and from all other causes.

Congressman Hull alleges that near the last hours of the congressional session he offered the following: "That the house committee on military affairs has power to sit during the adjournment of congress and make such investigation as to organization and equipment of all branches of the army as it may deem advisable and report to the next session of congress."

This committee is that of which Mr. Hull is chairman. If he and his committee had been kept on duty no mismanagement of war affairs would have occurred! But the democrats in the house objected to the consideration of the resolution and it was too late in the session to pass a measure against objections from any source. Hence the democrats are responsible for the maladministration of the war department.

The country knows from familiar history the egregious absurdity of clothing a congressional committee with power to exercise supervision, over war movements. It was illustrated in the evil results of the action of congressional war committees during the civil war. They embarrassed the administration of Abraham Lincoln and the measures of Grant in the field. If the democratic members of the house defeated a plan to send a republican congressional committee to the camps and the field for the oversight of army movements they rendered to the country a service of the highest value.—Chicago Chronicle.

A WORD TO GOLD DEMOCRATS

Can They Fraternize with a Party That Has Broken Every Pledge?

Gold democrats should examine with care the record of the republican administration before they follow Bryan's advice to give their votes to the g. o. p. Can gold democrats afford to fraternize with a party which has passed the most corrupt and excessive and infamous tariff law ever enacted? Can gold democrats afford to vote for the candidates of a party which fosters and protects trusts? And what faith can the gold democrats place in a party which has broken every pledge made to them in 1896, and which has ignored the gold democrats from start to finish? Holding democratic doctrines in their hearts and differing from the majority of the party only on the currency question, gold democrats cannot afford to join hands with these who are fighting their most cherished beliefs. As for Bryan, he was a gold democrat for revenue only, and when he ceased to make money out of that kind of democracy he ceased to be a democrat. Under the circumstances, it is quite evident that the gold democrats will find themselves more at home in their old democratic fold than in that of the republicans, and the indications are that the gold democratic party will pass out of existence before the campaign of 1900 begins.—Chicago Democrat and Dispatch.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

The republican party exhibits its anxiety for a big standing army by favoring all projects that would make a large army a necessity.—Ottumwa (Ia.) Democrat.

The republican press professes to be perfectly satisfied with the result of the Maine election, and we are sure that the democrats are. Queer things happen in political "off years," but nothing that could be more productive of comfort to the democratic party has occurred in Maine for a good many years.—Rochester Herald.

Imperialism and militarism necessarily go hand in hand. The latter is the natural outgrowth of the former. The recent movement in favor of an imperial policy for the United States, chiefly noticeable in quarters where Mark Hanna is supreme, was supplemented shortly after its inception by a demand for an immense standing army, not unlike the armies of Europe, "to guarantee peace at home and protect our new interests abroad."—Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

KNOWLEDGE ENOUGH.

Although She Was from Boston She Cared Not for a Higher Subject Than Beans.

Notwithstanding her nose turned up, there were specs on it, and she was from Boston, which may be considered to be competent testimony that heredity isn't everything. She was visiting in Brooklyn before the hot spell and the first young man she met was one who prides himself on his intellects. Whether anyone else does or not is another story. As it happened, the young man had an opportunity shortly after the meeting to talk with the young woman alone, and he did not fail to throw a few brains at her.

"Ah, Miss Sophia," he said, with a soulful yearning in his gentle voice, "I presume you attend several of the numerous schools of philosophy in which Boston is so rich and Brooklyn is so poor?"

"I am sorry," she hesitated, "but really, Mr. Blank, I do not attend any."

"Indeed, and do you feel no interest in any of the concepts of modern philosophic thought?"

"None whatever, I fear," and she really seemed to be sorry to have been so careless of her golden, glorious opportunities.

"And does not the subjective idealism of existence in delightful Boston profoundly affect the reality of your ego?"

"So far I have not observed that it did," she said, apologetically.

"How can it be possible?" he exclaimed. "The sphere of your knowledge must be far wider than it is with us."

"No," she answered, measuring her words carefully. "I should say it was not. Don't you know as long as we Bostonians know beans when the bag's open we don't worry overmuch about the rest of it. Why should we? Isn't that enough for us to know?"

THE PROPER USE.

Hardtack Converted Into a Durable Souvenir of the War with Spain.

She was a collector of souvenirs. The young man who had just returned from the war could not refuse so slight a request. All she wanted was something by which to remember the campaign in Cuba. He was about to respond in the usual romantic fashion and offer himself, when she interposed.

"All I desire is some worthless trifle that will remind me of the hardships you went through in defense of liberty."

"How would one of the buttons off my uniform do?" he inquired.

"No; I want something that was associated with you in your daily routine of life; not a mark that would designate any and all of Uncle Sam's soldiers. I want to hang it in the parlor and preserve it forever."

"It must be indestructible, then?"

"Well, the more nearly so, of course, the better."

He was lost in meditation for some minutes. Then, with brightening countenance, he exclaimed:

"How thoughtless it was of me not to realize it before! I have the very thing. I've carried it for weeks in my pocket over my heart as a piece of armor plate. You can take this hardtack and paint a little landscape on it and let it hang on the wall for the next century. Now that the war is over I'm glad to see it put to some legitimate use. It will make a lovely plaque."

Washington Star.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FINE

For Wearing a Calico Dress and \$100 Penalty for Selling the Goods.

It is a singular fact, but none the less true, that in England in the year 1700 women were not allowed to wear calico dresses at all, and in 1721 a penalty or fine of 45 was laid upon the wearer, and the unfortunate dealer who sold calico in those days had to pay a penalty of \$100 for the offense. It is hardly necessary to say that no one of them ever undertook to sell more than one dress pattern. The women of this country may bless their lucky stars that nothing has ever interfered with their privilege to buy and wear calico to their heart's content. Moreover, they can be thankful that they are able to purchase the best quality the world produces right here at home. The goods of one firm are especially sought after by both consumers and dealers and their recognized superiority is assured when the name William Simpson & Sons is found on the ticket. At least that is what the ladies and the storekeepers say, and they ought to know.

A Family Affair.

Rich Uncle—You might as well stop moaning about Miss Beauty. She hasn't been in love with you, after all. She's been after the money she thought you would inherit from me.

Nephew—Impossible! Why do you think so?

"I have proposed to her myself and been accepted."—N. Y. Weekly.

Hawaii and the Philippines.

Send four cents (in stamps) for an illustrated booklet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, the direct route across the American Continent to the New Trans Pacific possessions of the United States. Full of latest reliable information and valuable for reference. Can be used as a text book in school. Address Geo. H. Headford, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Not Difficult.

He (indignantly)—I hope I know my own mind!

She (sweetly)—Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that.—Pick Me-Up.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Proposed Alliance with England.

If the United States and England form an alliance, the combined force would be so great that there would be no chance for enemies to overcome us. In a manner, when men and women keep up bodily strength with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, there is little chance for attack by disease. The old time remedy cures indigestion, builds up the muscles, steadies nerves and increases the appetite. Try it.

Do people kick harder because of much rain than they kick because of much dry weather?—Atchison Globe.

For Whooping Cough Piso's Cure is successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

"A thing of beauty," said the Corn Philosopher, "is a joy until the fashion changes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It is more flattering to have people wonder why we are not famous than why are.—Town Topics.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.
Stick to your business with the glue of duty.—Chicago Daily News.

Some people die eating and others die of Chicago Daily News.

Pure Blood

Good Digestion

These are the essentials of health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier, stomach tonic. It promptly expels impurities which cause pimples, eruptions and by giving healthy action to the stomach and digestive organs it has the system in perfect order.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1.50 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills
are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



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THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Critics Are Not Wanted Within
the Pearly Gates of Heaven.

Talmage, drawing his illustration from a deer hunt, in this discourse calls all the pursued and hunted of the earth to come and quench their thirst at the deep river of life and comfort. Text, Psalms xlii. 1: "O hart panteth after the water brook, so my soul panteth after Thee."

one day David, while far from home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a cave where he had lodged, and the banks of a pond or river, hears the hounds in swift pursuit, and the previous silence of the night clangor startles him, and he exclaims: "I wonder what those are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud rushing of some rushing wonder of woods, and the antlers of a deer among the leaves of the thicket, and an instinct which all hunters know the creature plunges in—into pool or lake or river to cool itself, and at the same time by its very for swift and longer swimming to get away from the foaming water. David says to himself: "Aha, myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number. I am chased; their bloody hands are at my heels, barking after my name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds! But, lo! says David to himself, "that water has splashed into the water. My hot lips and nostrils into the water that washes its lathered sides, and it swims away from the hounds, and it is free at last. But I might find in the deep, wide waters of God's mercy and consolation from pursuers! Oh, for the water of life and rescue! 'As the hart pants after the water brooks, so my soul after Thee, O God!'"

"With the score. Talking one sum-
with a hunter, I thought I would
see whether my text was accu-
this allusion, and, as I heard the
saying a little way off and sup-
they were on the track of a deer,
to one of the hunters in rough
"Do the deer always make
water when they are pursued?"
"Oh, yes, mister; you see they
and thirsty animal, and they
where the water is, and when
near danger in the distance they
their antlers and sniff the breeze
start for the Raquet or Loon or
and we get into our cedar
or stand by the 'runway

ends, that is one reason why I
the Bible so much—its illusions
true to nature. Its partridges
partridges, its ostriches real
and its reindeer real rein-
I do not wonder that this angle
of the text makes the hun-
eye sparkle and his
glow and his respiration
To say nothing of
wildness, although it is the
useful of all games, its flesh de-
its skin turned into human ap-
its sinews fashioned into bow-
its antlers cutting handles on
and the shavings of its horns
is a pungent restorative, the
seen from the hart and called
them. But putting aside its use
this enchanting creature seems
the sort of gracefulness and elas-
With an eye with a liquid
brightness as if gathered up from a
lakes at sunset! The horns
curved, branching into every pos-
cornu, and after it seems com-
ascending into other projections
spaciteness, a tree of polished
split in pride, or awning
for subd combat. The hart is
timid. Timidity imper-
The enchantment of the

Well, now, let all those who have come among them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitudes, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, and you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic individual; and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you can not be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength loom down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and come up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondaeks, and from one height you can see 30, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together, that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rab-

ical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money on a risky enterprise, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise, as next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks shed your horns.

But very many of you who are thronged of the world—and if any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many if you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignity, of invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. Had the roebuck a ragged fur and broken antlers and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the scent and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed with invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be tumbled from the banks of hills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot denotes the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that ere they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids.

So if there were no noble stuff in our make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a folorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole onek is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to our talent or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble-rose spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they could express their own feelings in the words of the Baroness of Nairn at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?
So would not I:
One tear of memory given,
Onward I'll hie;
Life's dark wave foiled o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wandering through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hopes smile around us shed,

Yes, for some people in this world here seems no let-up. They are put from youth to manhood and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, the earl of Yarborough's hounds and the duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays \$8,500 per year to her master of buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and trouble are owner and master.

But what a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the One for whom David longed and the One whom David found. You might as well meet stag, which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge and with the breath of the logs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon lake and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christlyatonement, it makes us all right with the past and with the future; and right with God, all right with man and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons, "Here are three vases, and one is

clay, another of amber and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the vase of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; His grace I promise I build my all. Without Him I can not be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, for, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed by my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever-present help, I should be wretched and error-stricken. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out, As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

THE Flemish name for a trolley car is Snelpardelooszondersporwegvapeufluig.

MISS HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, sister of Princess Proabetskoy, has just published a novel entitled "As the Heart Wanteth." It is a folio yearning for the ideal man.

A QUILT was recently exhibited at a fair in Delaware which came over in the Mayflower. The figures on it were colored an indigo blue with a dyepot, a vogue at that time.

A FARMER near Richmond, Va., has a dog which he has trained to worm the tobacco plants in his field. The dog does his work as well as a laborer and the owner saves the wages of a

A French scientist says a caterpillar can see more than two-fifths of an inch ahead. The hairs on the body are said to be of as much use as its eyes in letting it know what is going on around.

A MECHANIC of Newfoundland has invented a device for signaling at sea by throwing the reflection of letters upon the clouds. The signals are changed with much rapidity by a device resembling a typewriter keyboard.

A BROKEN-WINDED horse is rarely seen in Norway. The fact is accounted for by the statement that a bucket of water is always placed within reach of the horse when he is feeding, and the animal alternately takes a mouthful of hay and a sip of water.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER, the English general who commands the victorious British army in the Soudan, of Irish birth and a bachelor, 48 years old. He is suffering from ophthalmic trouble due to the desert dust.

LORD BRASSEY, the millionaire British nobleman now visiting New York, is the son of a man who began life as railroad laborer and who married a match girl. The title was conferred upon the father after he had become a

ONE of the new things in the building line is the aluminum hut for Klondike miners. When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminum, and when put up

A FOSSIL bog oak, weighing 40 tons, which geologists assert to be 10,000 years old, has been dug up at Stockport, England, in excavating to lay down a sewer. The corporation of the town want to blow it up with dynamite, in spite of protests from scientific men.

The throne room of Spain is a magnificent apartment of crimson and gold, with colossal mirrors and a chandelier of rock crystal that is considered the finest example of the kind in the world. Under the gorgeous canopy are two large chairs handsomely carved and gilded, and upholstered in a crimson brocade. These are the thrones of Spain, where the boy king and queen regent sit on occasions of ceremony. Sometimes the daughters stand beside their mother, when it is proper for all the royal family to receive the court.

Tagleigh—"What is the Spanish method of defense?" Wagleigh—"Establishing an ally." *Topic Topics*.

"My husband is hard to please." "He must have changed considerably since marriage."—*Vanity Fair*.

Birdie—"There's a Frenchman behind us; I'd better tell you this in English." Bertie—"On the contrary, you'd be safer if you were to speak French." Judy.

Polite Young Man (in street car)--"You are at liberty, madam, to take any seat." Woman Suffragist (flaring)--"No liberties, sir; no liberties!"

"Did you get back that gold five dollars which your little boy swallowed?" No; the doctor said he would keep in memory of one of the most remarkable cases that have come under observation."—Goteborgs Afton-

The governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?" Tommy—"A red-hot poker!"—Bangor News.

Mrs. Greene—"Now, tell me truly, do you believe it is any benefit to punish children?" Mrs. Berch—"Certainly. You can't imagine how much better I feel after I've given Tom and Abel a good trouncing."—San Francisco Evening Post.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—"Put your tongue out, dear." Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor—"No, no; put it right out." The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't, doctor, it's fastened on to me."—Modern Society.

They Never Yet Have Proved Faithless to Their National

Traditions.

The Chinese as a race are the most conservative people on the globe, as their history proves. They argue that their ways of life are the best possible ways, seeing that their chief concerns is in securing the happiness of the individual on earth and the welfare of the state. War is held in abhorrence by them, and they are more truly Christians in this respect, practically and not theoretically, than the Christians themselves. The Chinaman is a man of no ideals; that which he is taught to believe is right he practices, and remains faithful to it.

We can see that people of other nations when they enter a foreign country gradually assimilate their life, type, creed and language to those peculiar to that country, and proportionally so to the length of their stay. On the other hand, once a Chinaman, always a

In the course of their long history they have often lost their independence, but never yet have they proved faithless to their national traditions. China stands essentially the same at the present as she was in the past but

present as she was in the past, but here are those 29 invading nations who conquered China one after the other? They have, themselves unstable, become merged into the immutable Chinese. It is a triumph of passivity over activity. Rome could not resist the hordes of Alaric, because time and proved that the foundations of

their empire were built on the sands. The empire of China is built on the rock, and has weathered as many storms as the present Edystone lighthouse. Barbaric hordes have rushed over her—barbarians, too, such as Rome never saw—but nevertheless China stands to-day, and where are they?

the social bacteria, which find and have found ample scope for developing their evil work on less healthy bodies, can find no hold on China. The country survives, and its people multiply in an extraordinary degree. They are overflowing into all contiguous countries, and it is not too much to say, in spite of all our native exclusives, that there

an our active prejudice, that they are benefitting those countries indirectly by so doing. Who can foretell which countries they will inhabit by sheer massive insistency in, say, 200 or 300 years? And nothing will be able to stop them. For, in spite of the spasmodic activity of Eurasia, in spite of her navies, armies, prohibitions and

general fuss and bother, China stands, and will stand. History prophesies so, or from the past we may judge the future.—National Review.

This privilege is possessed by the grammar school in the cathedral town of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, as part of the school's endowment, under letters patent granted by Elizabeth and James I. The excise authorities have no power whatever, and anyone requiring a wine license must obtain it

from the authorities of the grammar school. From this source of income the school is annually benefited to the extent of about £65. The school obtained this curious privilege from Queen Elizabeth in 1569, owing to the representations of Sir Nicholas Bacon. The monopoly thus given to the grammar school was called the "wine charter of St. Albans," and no other school in England holds such a monopoly. St. Albans is the oldest grammar school in the kingdom, there being a definite record of its existence in 1093.

Boston Globe.

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON CURRENCY.

County court today; large crowd in town.

Squire W. B. Duff went to Winchester Saturday.

James T. Hanks, of Pomeroyan, was here Saturday.

George W. Gentry, of Jackson county, was here Saturday.

County Attorney A. H. Stamper came home Saturday night from Frankfort.

Born, Oct. 25th, to the wife of W. S. Tutt, county court clerk, a girl—Sophia.

Miss Ellen Whisman, one of Wolfe's most efficient school teachers, was in town Saturday.

Geo. L. Athey, Thomas Netherly and Joe B. Cox are at home, their regiment, the Second Kentucky, having been mustered out several days ago.

I am in receipt of a letter from C. C. Gilley, formerly of this place but now residing at Perronville, Mich., in which he states that he is well satisfied. He says that Michigan is a fine country and a good farming country, the land being nice and level, well timbered, and the soil very rich. He says that one man planted 7½ bushels of potatoes on a half-acre of ground and raised 350 bushels of as fine potatoes as he ever saw. He says that his father, Jonathan Gilley, and all of the family are well satisfied with their new home.

James E. Faulkner, Co. K, First Kentucky infantry, who is staying with the Third Kentucky, at Lexington, until his regiment comes home from Porto Rico, came home Saturday night. His regiment will be mustered out the 25th of this month. Jimmie says that he has learned a lesson that he never will forget, and that he will never volunteer to fight for Uncle Sam any more. I want to say right here that there are some men (not worthy to be called men) around this town who ought to be in the penitentiary for persuading boys to leave their homes and join the army, and be forced into fever-ridden countries; there to die, far away from their loved ones, and to be starved and treated worse than the negroes were treated in the days of slavery.

Nov. 7. SUPPLE JACK.

SPRADLING SPANGLES.

T. K. Tutt, Jr., attended county court Monday.

Robert Bruce Tutt has been very ill for some time, but is better at this writing.

J. F. Wilson will teach a singing school at Public Square for a term of two days.

Rev. J. W. Doane preached Sunday at the Toliver church to a good-sized congregation.

Mrs. Belle Manker and daughter, Stella, have gone to Maytown, where they will stay this winter.

T. K. Tutt, Jr., visited his son-in-law, John Phillips, Saturday night, and on Sunday the widow Oakley.

A. H. Stamper, of Campton, was in this part one day last week, looking after the interests of the Democratic party.

Miss Florence Crawford writes from Berea college that she is well pleased, and that its faculty is among the best in the state.

Rev. S. E. Padock, of Berea college, gave a lecture at the Bethel school house Friday last, and I can truthfully say that it was quite interesting.

Mrs. Lou E. Tutt and little daughter, Minerva May, are visiting relatives and friends in Owsley county, and will return home in about two weeks.

John Brewer was the guest of G. W. Fulk Saturday night, and if I am any judge how a fellow looks after being highly entertained by one of the belles, he will go back again soon.

Dr. James H. Stamper and wife passed through here one day last week en route home from a trip to Harrison county, where they had been visiting friends for the past two weeks.

Dr. H. H. Stamper, of Campton, passed through this section Thursday last to Wellington, Menefee county, where he had been ordered by the Pension Department to re-examine one Mr. Smith for a pension.

Nov. 7. SIFTER BOTTOMS.

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Mrs. Sarah Elkins is on the sick list.

Berry Robinson and wife were visiting Mack Oldfield and wife last week.

Boling, McNabb & Co. drove a bran

new threshing machine under the shed last week; price paid not known.

Henry Mannin and Mack Oldfield have just returned from a visit to Elliott and Carter counties.

Frank Hatton and Rich Terrill, of Holly, stopped overnight with Mack Oldfield enroute to Tipton.

Berry Nickell and Porter, who have been trying the Beaver bluegrass for two weeks past, are at home on a furlough.

James Moore, who was charged with grand larceny in Carter county, and arrested here and taken there some time ago, came clear at the trial recently had.

E. A. Padock, of Berea college, made a speech at Sanfield school house last Thursday in the interest of that famous educational institution.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, Thursday, Nov. 3, Joe Lewis, to Miss Lizzie McClanahan. The officiating clergyman not known.

Nov. 8.

SHINER.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Your correspondent and his better-half just returned from a visit to relatives and friends on Dry Ridge, and while there visited McCausey, the railroad station on the heights overlooking Frenchburg, and seen the train and iron-horse come puffing in up the hill. And out of the woods this appeared a little strange, but still mysterious things do happen some times. While on our trip we met with some old friends and acquaintance whom we had not seen for many years, namely: Rev. F. M. Stamper, Tom Hale, Dr. Cope, and last, but not least, our old friend Dick Wells, who is nearly 82 years old and spritely and supple, apparently, as a boy. All of them are Democrats, and you can guess at the balance.

It is often said that the fall of the leaf comes in October, but here is the 5th of November, and the leaves on the timber yet.

Some men representing Berea college spoke here yesterday.

Nov. 5.

UNCLE REMUS.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

Mrs. Richie went to Ezel shopping on Monday.

Jorian Wills visited in Powell county last week.

Mrs. Frank Pieratt and mother were in town shopping Tuesday.

Miss Lillie Patrick, who has been quite sick of fever, is now some better.

Edwin Armitage, from Frenchburg, was in Maytown Friday night.

Elza James and Edward Oney, Hazel Green, attended the spelling battle last Thursday night.

H. C. Quicksall and Dr. Willie Lockhart passed through here last Wednesday en route to Ezel.

Miss Laura D. Rawlings' visited Miss Minnie L. Day's school last week; also, other friends in this vicinity.

The family of Chas. Clark attended the wedding of Miss Myrtle Lykins to Tilden Gibbs at Flat Rock Thursday.

Messrs. John Henry and Robert Day attended the quarterly meeting at St. Helens, Lee county, on Saturday and Sunday last.

On last Thursday night the school at this place gave a public spelling battle at the school-house. Also, the little oral class (which consisted of about 16 little boys and girls) gave an interesting oral drill and the primary arithmetic class of about 20 gave an arithmetic drill. The captains of the spelling battle were Frank Young and Mary Dunaway, and both sides did well. After which the whole school gave a drill in reciting the Lord's Prayer in concert. Our teacher, Minnie L. Day, entertained us with a recitation. The house was crowded and all seemed to enjoy the exercises.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

SPENCER SPLINTERS.

Richard Trimble is able to be out again.

G. V. Shelburn, of Milt, Va., visited friends here last week.

The Sunday school at Antioch is progressing nicely, and has 74 pupils enrolled.

Mrs. Allen McCormick, who has been quite sick for several months, is improving.

Ernest L. Gordon, of Dodge, was the guest of I. D. Yocum and wife Saturday and Sunday.

Clem Dean and family, of Grassy Lick,

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visited John F. Horton and wife from Friday until Monday.

Mrs. Henry Cox, of West Liberty, was the guest of Mrs. Emma Duff, of this place, a few days last week.

Mrs. N. T. Pierce and son Ray have returned from a week's visit to her brother in the Indian Territory.

S. A. Duff left last week for Hot Springs, Ark., where he will be treated for rheumatism. He will also visit his granddaughter, Miss Lida Cowgill, of Elmore, Colorado, before returning.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by J. Taylor Day.

We notice in the last issue of the Agitator it says the editor was at the Hazel Green Fair. Horse-swapping was the attraction. The editor must have been out on the Buzzard Roost, as it was called, for there was no horse-swapping on the ground.—West End cor. Owingsville Outlook.

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